

Beyond Fate

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Beyond Fate

by [WO3_Studios](#)

Summary

Did I ever tell you the Definition of Insanity?
Insanity is doing the exact same thing... over and over again...
Expecting something to change.
That's just crazy.

Notes

Hello!
I'll be making a series out of this!

This is strictly for entertainment purposes!

So if your looking for a good read, fan character shenanigans, and a concrete plot that will hopefully make you keep coming back for more?

Then this is for you!

My roommates and I love making Fan Characters for our favorite fandoms and Devilman (and all its renditions) so happens to be my (Ignis) favorite of all time!

This one is more based on Devilman Crybaby, with elements from the others sprinkled into the mix! It's an AU so I have wiggle room to work my magic!

Also yes, we have fan art of this too lol
Check it out here! -> <https://www.deviantart.com/ignis03/gallery/74315911/beyond-fate-devilman-crybaby>

Happy Reading! -Ignis Amun-Ra

*Update (2/3/2023): Rewrote quite a bit of this chapter, especially the beginning. My writing style changed so I wanted the beginning to match the later chapters. Enjoy! <3

Waking Dreams

Blood.

Dark splashes of ruby, canary and zircon glistened in the bright red moon light.

It soaked into every surface of the classroom and the shattered windows.

Fresh blue blood soaked his claws; dripping like hot sapphires onto the floor.

Screaming- was it his?

Tears blinded his vision as more demons flooded into the classroom, stepping on the scattered carcasses of butchered students that littered the floor. Amongst the demons pouring into the classroom, an angelic silhouette took a tentative step onto the debris covered floor.

...Akira...

The familiar feminine voice was distant and urgent- trying desperately to get his attention. Through the veil of tears he saw an outline of a female demoness, she haphazardly lied motionless, choking on the same blue blood that covered his clawed arms. Urgently, he ran on all fours to her, wanting the world to stop, to go back; his hands landing on the disemboweled intestines that strung across the floor.

...Akira!

With a mournful wail he pulled her cold body protectively close to his chest, the giant hole in her abdomen pouring out everything faster than he could push back in. The twelve winged angel chuckled menacingly, mocking the pitiful scene of the dying demoness and devilman before it.

Seeing her hollowed belly made him blind with agony, the corners of his mouth tearing slightly as the roar erupted from deep within his body. He knew what it meant- he knew what he had lost.

Her last breath echoed into his soul, shattering it like glass. An abrupt thrust of pain in his chest choked the devilman instantly with his own yellow blood, his dislodged heart beating before his wide eyes. A rush of cold fired every cell and nerve in his body; his arms relaxing softly as he collapsed next to the demoness, curling into the fetal position around her. He didn't even try to fight the strong grip of death as he closed his eyes, giving the demoness once last soft kiss on her forehead.

The thought of joining her in death gave him indescribable peace.

"AKIRA!"

Akira woke up with a desperate gasp, abruptly sitting up in his bed. His breathing was labored and quick as he took a frantic look around. Once the realization of him being in his bedroom sank in, his tears were instant; they dripped onto his sheets at an alarming rate, soaking into the material. The dream was fresh on his mind; yet it began to blur, as if details were purposely being smeared away.

A dull ache on his left shoulder began to distract him; he idly reached with his right hand, rubbing it. It took him a long moment to regain his composure, the ache slowly subsiding, but not before he noticed the obvious divots in his skin. How peculiar; seeing as how with his Devilman powers, scars shouldn't be a thing. He willed himself out of bed and dragged himself over to a random mirror resting on his dresser.

Removing his night shirt, he searched for the source of the missing flesh. Upon further inspection, he noticed a perfect ring of blue teeth marks in his shoulder. He traced the circle with a finger, an instant shiver flaring down his body. He gasped, grabbing onto the dresser to prevent himself from meeting the floor. The scars weren't new, yet their sensitivity didn't make sense to him.

"Hurry up, Akira! We're going to be late for school!" Miki shouted from down stairs.

Akira shook his head, quickly gathered himself; brushing it off as a scar he may have gotten from a former battle. What he couldn't figure out, however, was why the scar tissue was blue? His blood was yellow...

He got dressed and bolted out of his room; he was down the stairs in one jump, just in time to watch Miki, Taro and their parents running around like the house had caught on fire. He didn't understand why everyone was so flustered- till he caught a glimpse of the clock. In a matter of minutes everyone was about to be late for work or school.

This didn't faze him; his fading dream had left him in a sour mood. He secretly debated on skipping out entirely, but his thoughts were cut off when he realized that if he didn't take Miki to school himself, then she'd be late as well. That wouldn't work too well for the upcoming witch of track and field.

"I'll take Miki to school today," Akira offered out of the blue, cutting off whatever conversation was happening.

"Thank you so much, Akira!" Akiko clapped her hands, giving him a grateful smile as she rushed a protesting Taro out the door.

Miki couldn't help but giggle, nudging Akira with her elbow. "Since when are you so generous?"

He shrugged a bit. "Do I have to have a reason?" he gave her a tired smile. "Let's go then." With a nod Miki followed Akira outside, locking the door behind her. Akira didn't wait for her as he headed over to his parked bike, getting on and roaring it to life. Small arms wrapped around his chest as Miki also got on, holding on for dear life. "Hang on." Akira warned her as he took off down the road. With his enhanced senses, he practically glided through the streets.

Once they arrived at school, which took practically zero time, Miki instantly got off, visibly taken aback by his insane driving. "Next time, I'll take my chances and be late." She couldn't help but smile as she watched him park his bike.

"Sorry, didn't want you to be late," Akira gave her a sheepish laugh as she nudged him with her book bag.

"Just try not to drive like that too often, okay? I would hate for something to happen to you or your bike." She slowly turned to follow the rest of the students. "Let's head for the vending machines, since we missed breakfast."

Food didn't cross his mind till she mentioned it. He had a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach since he woke up, so food didn't sound appealing... for once. He followed her anyway, since he knew if he refused, Miki would buy one of everything in the machine till he agreed to eat something. Once they reached the machines, Miki swiped her card, having a one sided conversation with herself on what to choose. He saw in the corner of his eye that some of her friends, including Miko, were heading towards them, so he knew she'd be entertained.

After Miki finally picked herself a drink and a candy bar, she swiped her card again so Akira could choose next. He stared at the many options before him, nothing jumping out to him. As Miki began socializing with her friends, he finally picked a small custard pastry. To his left was another vending machine, which he hadn't noticed till there was a loud thud. Someone had gotten something the same time as he did.

Normally Akira wouldn't have given the time of day; however, what truly caught his attention as he grabbed his food from the machine was a scent. The aroma was subtle, but incredibly powerful. White lilies and roses with a soft splash of mango; topped with a dash of some kind of pheromone. It sent his heart racing, making his blood heat up the longer he inhaled. Why had it smelled so good...yet familiar?

As he looked up he happened to lock eyes with the owner of this intoxicating smell: a girl. She had to have been a foreigner- definitely a new student; since her hair was short, pale blonde adorned with sharp cerulean eyes. He quickly straightened himself up, watching her bend over to retrieve her prize from the machine. She was wearing their standard issued uniform, the green pleated skirt barely covering her long legs, giving him a tease of her-

He quickly looked away as she stood back up and turned a bit to face him. She gave him a curious look, her eyes going up and down him slowly. He dared to look back at her, catching her sizing him up. This gave him a whole new wave of thrilling chills; was it because he caught her checking him out?

A wave of rough, raw emotions flooded him as he stared down at her, watching her take a sip of a drink she also bought. Once more he was blinded by his tears that flowed down his face like a waterfall. He was purely confused by this, yet the longer he stared at her the more his emotions began to ache; he gripped his chest, forcing himself to look away and wipe his tears as quickly as he could. He hoped she hadn't seen him; slowly his pain was replacing itself with relief as he looked back at her; only to catch her staring at him.

He felt his face flushed with embarrassment as she gave a small giggle, followed by a half smirk. Good, she didn't see his random outburst. He wanted to say something, but found no words. Suddenly, she turned away from him, throwing her school bag lazily over her shoulder as she walked down the hallway, taking her scent with her. He never felt so happy to see a stranger in all his life, so much so Akira caught his hand reaching out after her, quickly retracting it and hiding his face with his hand. These stupid demon urges were getting to him: giving him nightmares, black outs, wild and random sexual encounters... now bawling over some unknown girl?!

Still, he couldn't help but take one last deep breathe. Just as he hoped, her faded scent filling his lung capacity and senses. He closed his eyes for a moment, imagining her pale, fair skin; her obvious large breasts that threatened to pop out of her collared shirt; her bent over again, now with the curious thought of what color her underwear was. He shuddered violently, now deeply hungry.

But for what?

It took Miki to snap him back to reality. He mumbled an awkward apology, shoving his pastry into his bag haphazardly as he followed her to their first class. He flopped into his desk, which he had long since stopped being able to fit in with his new body. He began looking out the window, ready to drown out today's lesson when the teacher began to speak.

"Good morning class, today, we have two new students." The teacher motioned to the door as two girls walked in. At first Akira didn't bother to look, till he heard the whispers of his classmates talk about a blonde. His head sharply turned back to the front of the class, and much to his delight, there she was! The blonde girl was obviously taller than the other, her bag still lazily thrown over her shoulder. She looked slightly bored, yet curious at the reactions of the other students. The shorter girl had long jet black hair that fell all the way to her thighs, vibrant amber eyes, caramel skin and a small dispassionate smirk on her face.

"Please introduce yourselves." The teacher continued.

The first to speak was the short one. "Greetings Class D-5, my name is Afudo Kira; it's an honor to be attending this school. I love track and meeting new people, I hope we can get along." Kira gave a formal bow. Miki perked up at Kira's words, wiggling excitedly in her seat. She couldn't wait to talk to her new classmate and show her the ropes!

"I'm Osuka Rya," the blonde spoke, moving her bag from her shoulder. "It's nice to meet all of you, I like choir and gymnastics; let's have a good year," Rya bowed not so gracefully to the class. When she stood back up, the class took note of her unusual hairstyle. Yes, it was short and fell just past her jawline, but the entire right side of her head was shaved, save for just the tiniest bit of peach fuzz and a few locks that draped over from the top of her head.

The teacher took note of this. "Young Lady, having a hair style like that is against school policy. I'm going to have to ask you to please head for the front office to—" she was quickly cut off by Rya abruptly pulling out a piece of paper from her bag and holding it out to her.

"It's a medical condition," she stated, unamused. "I had an accident when I was younger and my hair can't regrow in that area. Here are my medical documents to prove it."

As the teacher fumbled with the paper, Kira beamed in amusement at Rya. The class began to murmur amongst themselves, finding Rya's situation peculiar and strange. Rya looked back at the class, giving them all a tart look. Kira giggled.

"Well, I see," the teacher cleared her throat to stop herself from stuttering. "Then let's find somewhere for you girls to sit." She quickly gave Rya her paper back.

"Over here!" Miki waved her arm up in the air. "There's an empty seat over here next to me!"

The teacher nodded, motioning to the girls. "Alright, how about—" she was cut off as Kira made a beeline towards Miki, sliding into the empty desk. Flustered, the teacher looked around the room. "Well, now let's see where we can place you, Miss Osuka." Soon, the teacher's eyes landed on Akira. "Ah, there we are, Mr. Fudo, would you kindly move back one seat?"

Akira turned around, noticing that there was an empty desk right behind him. Had it always been empty? He got out of his desk quickly and slid to the empty one. He thought about asking why but then it occurred to him that if Rya sat behind him, she might not be able to see. As he adjusted to his new desk, his nose was flooded with her scent as she walked towards him.

His eyes quickly locked with hers, which resulted in her giving him a playful smirk as she stopped next to his former desk. "Thanks for warming the chair for me, Mr. Fudo." She teased, setting her bag down and taking a seat.

The rapid beating of his heart flooded his eardrums; he nodded even though he knew she couldn't see it. It was pure torture, sitting so close to her like this. He had to sit far back in his seat, resisting his urges to lean closer and run his tongue along her exposed neck. He didn't even realize time existed until class was suddenly over- the first one out the door was Rya. He cursed himself for not grabbing her wrist and stopping her. He quickly got up to follow her, but was stopped in the hallway by Miki.

"Hey, Akira! I have exciting news! Kira will be joining us on the track team!" Miki beamed, her excitement threatening to burst out of her.

Akira gave a half-hearted response, peering over the two girls to see if he could spot Rya's distinctive blonde hair. Her scent was fading into the sea of human bodies, which made him more frustrated. His attention coming back to them when he heard Kira's soft chuckle. "Miki, my dear, I don't think he cares too much about that. I'm sure all he wants to do is get to his next class... right?"

He stared dumbfounded at Kira for a long while before giving her a nod. "Yeah. Sorry, Miki, we can talk about it later at track. I... have to turn in an assignment before class." He hated to lie, but he didn't want to stand there and talk to them; which made him slightly guilty as he side stepped the two small girls and weaved into the student body. This new obsession of his made absolutely no sense to him, yet he couldn't help but feel the strangest sense of Déjà vu as he finally made his way to the classroom her scent ended at.

It so happened to be his next class; it was empty, save for the two of them.

Notes

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay!

Been moving and have been without internet since August!!

;^;

Sorry the beginning is slow, but I promise it should pick up soon-ish!

Thank you for reading!

Enjoy!

<3

Just the two of them.

Alone.

Akira stared at her as she casually looked out the open class window, letting the breeze flow through her short hair, rippling her clothes.

Her scent hit him like a pile of bricks, almost completely incapacitating him on the spot. The wind carried it into the entire room, making him want to drown in it. Why was it so intoxicating? The bite mark on his shoulder flared, sending violent shivers down his spine. It only made him want to close the gap between them and trap her between the wall and his body.

He had to lean against the doorway to stop himself from falling to the floor. He must've made just enough noise for her to notice, because she gave a small chuckle. "We can't keep meeting like this; people might get the wrong impression."

It was only when she finally closed the window did Akira find his voice. "Well, that doesn't matter to me.. I finally caught up with you." He made sure his voice sounded as smooth as possible.

"Is that so?" she purred, leaning back on the windowsill. "Do you have something to tell me, *Mr. Fudo*?"

"Akira," he corrected her. "I'd prefer if you called me, Akira."

She smirked. "*Akira*," she repeated, her tone hinting amusement. "I like that name much better~."

Now it was his turn to smirk. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you're playing with me."

Rya gasped playfully, pretending to be caught. “Are you insinuating that I, a new student, would be so bold as to flirt with the first hot guy I met at school?”

“So you think I’m hot?”

Rya bit her lower lip. “Maybe~” she cooed, grabbing her bag off the windowsill.

Before Akira could flirt with her more, he heard the buzz of students heading towards them. He internally cursed them, stepping into the classroom. He watched her walk towards the front of the class as he went towards his desk, which, again, was in the very back. Luckily, it happened to be the same desk she was previously standing next to.

Again, he listened to her introduce herself, even shove the same paper in the teacher’s face about her hair, but this time, they rarely broke eye contact.

This amused him greatly.

That is, until she was placed in the very back of class... on the other side of the room. He slammed his head on his desk quietly. Why did school have to suck? Assigned seating was also a drag. His face crinkled a piece of paper- that’s when an idea struck.

He grabbed a pen, sat back up, and wrote.

This momentum the two of them had felt natural, she was hot, charming and he needed to know more about her. When he finished writing he carefully folded the paper into a plane. He waited for the teacher to look away before throwing it. It landed right in front of her.

He smirked, the anticipation killing him as she opened it.

Look, I know we just met, but I have to say (because this feels right):

My heart gave a sudden sigh for those eyes of blue

More beautiful than the deep skies

I dare say they gave me tears at first sight

Your pale hair a drop of the sun

Absolutely beautiful I had to stare

We may have never met

Yet it feels as if I have known you for ages

Call me a fool for daring

But I beg you to make me understand

When she stared at the paper for a long time, unresponsive, Akira felt like he had royally screwed up. He knew it was a risk sending her something like that. His fingers began tapping his desk, impatiently waiting for her to give some kind of sign.

She tucked his piece of paper in her notebook and grabbed a blank lose paper. She grabbed her pencil and began writing on it. Did she just ignore what he said? Was she writing a letter of disgust?

Akira pressed his face into his hands, so many thoughts racing at once. This was completely out of character for him, had this morning really made him lose it? Was this just another dream?

Something sharp poked him in the side of his head. He quickly moved his hands away, hearing paper hit the floor. When he looked over and saw that it was a paper plane he quickly snatched it, opening it. Inside were a bunch of cute doodles of her as a chibi, hearts and a small sketch of him hiding his face with his hands.

He saw she had responded:

Sorry, didn't want to ruin your poem by writing/doodling all over it haha

That was the sweetest thing I had ever read in my life!

Unfortunately, I'm not as good as you, but I really liked it.

So I hope my shitty doodles make up for my lack of literary skills.

Why're you covering your face?

Scared I'd hate it~

Akira snuck a peek at Rya, seeing her staring back with a huge grin on her face. He felt his face heat up as he looked back at her paper. That cheeky woman was playing with him; it made him want her even more. He quickly wrote back, refolding the plane and sending it back. This time it smacked a student in the arm, landing on the floor next to them. As they picked it up, Rya tapped on their shoulder, successfully retrieving the plane from them. She waited for the coast to be clear before reading.

I wasn't scared, more like waiting impatiently.

And I'm glad you like it, it's yours so you can keep it.

What class do you have after this?

-Akira.

Of course I planned on keeping it haha

I have Advanced History.

Why?

Gonna follow me there too~?

-Rya.

Fuck.

That's on the other side of the school from where I need to go.

Oh haha

And no

I didn't plan on following you, just wanted to see if I could walk you to class >-<

-Akira.

Well, that's too bad.

I'm starting to like you

Don't worry, I'm sure we'll run into each other

Since we seem to be doing that all day lol

-Rya.

Like me, huh?

What kind of liiiike~?

What about lunch or even after school?

-Akira.

Keep being cute and maybe you'll find out what kind of like it is ;)

I'm meeting Kira for lunch and I have to wait for Kira to finish her track meet

-Rya.

Akira grinned at her last comment. Wait for her friend to finish her track meet, she says? Well, luckily for him, he too happened to be on the same track team. This meant he'd be able to see her while he was running, and she'd be able to see him. He felt incredibly conceded with himself as the bell dismissed the class again.

He quickly darted up from his chair, shoving the note they were passing into his bag as he managed to catch up to her in the hallway, stopping her. "So, you'll be at the track later?" he asked, smirking. He vaguely remembered the other dark haired girl's introduction from first period, figuring that must've been Kira.

"Yea, I have to wait for Kira to finish her track meet. It's her first day and I'm her ride home," Rya gave him a thin smirk. "Let me guess, you'll be there too?"

"Damn straight," Akira tried to hide his excitement. "Well, see you later then, yeah?"

Rya stepped closer to Akira, her scent flooding his nose. It took everything in him to remain calm as she smirked. "Looking forward to it~" she gave him a quick look over before heading for her next class, taking her aroma with her.

Akira had to cover his mouth to stop the deep demonic growl that rumbled in his throat.

This girl was going to be the death of him...

...or expose him for the demon he truly was.

First Impressions

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! Sorry for the long wait! ^^;

We're hoping now that we have FINALLY settled down somewhere our updates will be more frequent!

And sorry for the lack of action, we promise it's coming! <3

Enjoy!!!

The final bell rang.

Students flowed like water into the halls, murmuring and conversing about their upcoming evenings or after school activities. A few surprised shrieks escaped a group of girls as Akira blazed past them, the force of his running knocking one of the girls into a locker, another losing her papers.

“Sorry!” was all he managed to shout over his shoulder before disappearing around a corner.

He didn’t stop till he was at the locker room, nearly tripping on himself. Gleefully, he threw open his locker and began changing into his track suit.

One of the other guys noticed this, chuckling. “Bro, what got you smiling like that?”

Akira smirked more as he threw his uniform into his locker, grabbing his track shirt. “No reason, just excited about the meet today~.”

Before Akira could finish putting his shirt on, a soft throb rippled from his shoulder. He winced as he pulled his shirt down, inspecting his left shoulder using the small locker mirror. He had almost forgotten about the bite on his shoulder. Was the blue scar tissue always this prominent?

Not wanting to worry anyone, he closed his locker and jogged over to the first aid kit behind the coach’s desk. He grabbed the biggest Band-Aid and slapped it over the bite; he hoped no one would notice as he blew past the other guys filing in and out of the locker room.

"Akira, are you *listening*?" Miki asked as she placed her hands on her hips.

"*Hmn?*" was the only response she received. Akira had been preoccupied with staring at the bleachers, hoping to catch a glimpse of Rya. He was also slightly grumpy, his stomach threatening to eat itself. He had forgotten to eat his pastry... and lunch...

Forgetting food?

The bad attitude throughout the day?

Drowning in a random girls smell?

Something was seriously off with him today.

Miki frowned. "Akira, come on! We've been selected to take part in a mixed four by one hundred meter relay! It's an event for Moyuru Koda, so we have to practice harder!" she gave a small stretch before motioning to their newest team member. "Since Miko is second runner, we will place Kira on first runner! Then—"

"You will be the third runner and I will be the anchor." Akira smiled as he cut her off. "We know, Miki... There's no need to be nervous."

Before Miki could protest further, one of the other track members called for her. She gave Akira a playful glare, punching him softly in the arm. "We're all counting on each other, alright?"

He nodded tiredly. "Of course."

As Miki trotted off to help out with the water station, Akira caught Kira heading towards the bleachers. She side stepped the man in the wheelchair, meeting Rya half way up the bleachers, giving the blonde a playful nudge. Kira did some stretches with her arms as she spoke to Rya, motioning to a parked limo in the distance. Rya nodded, brushing some of her blonde hair behind her ear, a small glimmer of her ruby studded earring could be seen.

Seeing Rya laugh at something Kira said made Akira's heart skip several beats, finding himself smiling to himself. He tried to look away but found it impossible.

The two spoke for a moment more before Kira turned and walked away.

Another track guy walked passed, pausing to see what had Akira's attention. "Damn, dude. She's an eight for sure." Akira side glared down at him, watching him giving Rya a quick look about, clearly checking her out.

This, for some reason, only made Akira angry. "Fuck off."

His teammate held up his hands in defense, turning on his heels. "Alright, man. Don't bite my head off!" he jogged away quickly, not liking the dark aura coming from Akira.

Rya began to slowly climb up the bleachers to take a seat, unaware of what just transpired. Hearing her move, he couldn't help but continue watching, his gaze falling onto the back of

her tight shirt, trailing down to her green pleated skirt. Each step she took up brought him closer to catching a tiny glimpse of her undies; his heart fluttering at seeing the soft pink fabric-

“*Curious*, are we?” purred Kira’s voice behind him.

Like a dog caught with a bone, Akira froze. He quickly whipped around to face the absolutely short woman, taking a step back. “W- What? Ah, no, I was just... admiring the view.”

Kira arched her eyebrow, a thin, almost forced smile forming on her lips. “I see. Well, be careful. *She bites.*” With a quick turn and blur of ebony hair, Kira was jogging back towards Miki.

Once the initial shock was over he narrowed his eyes at Kira; he should have sensed her presence, even from behind. But he didn’t. He absentmindedly reached for his shoulder, rubbing it. What did Kira mean? He sheepishly turned back to look at Rya, locking eyes. He gave a small wave as Rya smirked, waving back. He turned away, beginning to head back when he nearly tripped over himself as the sweet smell of lilies and coconut invaded his nose. The wind had become his sworn enemy, carrying that intoxicating scent straight at him; his punishment for sneaking a peek.

His legs grew weak, a soft growl rumbling in his throat. Damn...he needed to move away from her...

Forcing his legs to move, he joined the others on the track field.

As the evening went on, he couldn’t help but be a little... extra in his practices. Maybe a few extra stretches, slower, deliberate steps to show off his running prowess.

He pretended to pay Rya no mind, but each time he caught her blue eyes absorbing his every move, he couldn’t help the flare of his ego, giving her that extra flex or stretch. He felt like a show pony, but damn did he relish in the attention.

Once practice was over, Akira rushed to shower and get dressed, wasting no time in catching up to Rya. He caught her waiting by the white limo. “Hey, Rya...”

He made sure to stand up wind from her, not wanting to be overpowered by her scent. Again.

“Hey,” Rya turned from the open window of the limo, smiling. “What’s up?”

Oh no. Now that he was in front of her again, words became a lucid dream. Being so close to her made his headache evaporate, a smile sneaking across his face. All he could come up with in his head was a thousand compliments, but nothing could describe how she made him feel. As he opened his mouth to speak, trying to compliment her radiant blue eyes-

“I’m Hungry.”

Akira’s soul crashed to the ground, horrified. *That was your grand way of flirting?! Announcing that you were hungry?! You fucking idiot! Some smooth asshole you are!*

A loud smack echoed from inside the limo, the driver inside absolutely dumbfounded.

All Rya could do was blink, a thin smile forming on her lips. “Well... ah... you’re in luck! I have one of Kira’s snacks left over from lunch if you want it?” she tried to hide her amusement.

Damnit, she probably thinks I’m a loser!

The soulless husk that was Akira nodded, wishing he could just dust and blow away with the wind. “Yep...that’s what I want. **Food**.[”]

He pinched the bridge of his nose as Rya turned around. How much more could he embarrass himself in a single day to achieve the Idiot- Of-The-Year award? As he moved his hand away from his face, he started to tell her to forget about the food when he saw her bent over, her upper half completely inside the limo, rummaging around her stuff. He stared hard as he memorized the shape of her ass: a thick, round heart. Her pink undies were lacey, practically see-through; he felt his mouth salivate, wondering if he ate her out if it would curve his hunger. *A small taste of her won’t hurt.* Realizing he was inching closer to her with his hands ready to grab her he reluctantly stepped back as she straightened herself out of the window.

“Here we are!” Rya dusted herself a bit, checking her uniform for any scuff marks before presenting Akira a granola bar. “Kira says these are really good- are you okay? You look hot?”

Hot and bothered from your juicy ass.

Akira avoided eye contact as he took the bar from her, his cheeks red; his body just a little too excited for its own good. “Yea, I’m...good. Just... really... hungry.” **For you.**

Not wanting to do something that he’d regret he forced himself to turn on his heels, stiffly walking away. “Thanks for the food, see you tomorrow!” he looked over his shoulder at her one last time, giving her an awkward wave as he headed for his bike.

Once he got on his bike he stared at the granola bar, his headache slowly returning. That was too close... a minute more and he wouldn’t of been able to stop himself. He ripped the packaging open, taking an aggressive bite. As he tried to reimagine that scenario with the limo in his head- his mouth instantly dried up. The granola bar tasted like he had just ate rusty nails; he immediately spit out the food, throwing the rest of the bar on the ground. He shuddered, his mouth begging for something to wash away the nasty taste.

With his mood now soured, he roared his bike to life and peeled loudly out of the parking lot; zooming past everyone and everything.

He had Miki’s house as his targeted destination, just wanting this day to end.

As night sprung upon him, Akira laid in his bed, staring at his ceiling.

When he had gotten home, Akiko was in the middle of making dinner, with Miki helping. His headache only worsened by the smell of their vegetarian dish, half-heartedly excusing himself to his room. When Taro came knocking to announce dinner, Akira told him that he wasn't hungry and to eat without him.

He checked his phone, seeing a few missed text messages from Ryo. They were mostly about him skipping out on dinner at Ryo's penthouse, which Akira had slowly come to regret. He simply texted back that he'd see Ryo the next day and a simple sorry.

After dinner Miki tried talking to him through the door but Akira was having none of it, simply wanting to be alone. Reluctantly Miki left him alone for the rest of the evening; not even Taro and his promises of XXX rated porn enticed Akira.

With the pounding in his head and his stomach lighting itself on fire growing worse by the hour, he had tried to go to bed early; but even in his dreams he wasn't safe.

Flashes of blood, screams and overwhelming sadness gripped him like a vice.

Blue blood dripped from his hands.

The echoing screams full of sorrow and agony.

His sight blurred with tears.

A dark silhouette of a creature with twelve wings descending upon him.

A lifeless body in his arms.

Once he realized that it was his own screaming he jolted up in his bed, panting heavily and shaking. His headache came back with a vengeance, the bite on his shoulder burning. He growled deeply, punching the wall out of frustration. The wall barely survived the strong onslaught as Akira gripped his head, tearing up.

"Damnit," he growled. "Why... why is that dream so fucking real?"

When his question went unanswered, Akira wiped his tears away roughly with his hands, throwing his blankets off him. He needed something, anything, to drink. Quietly, he made his way out into the hallway, dragging his feet. He began rubbing his shoulder, hoping it would appease the pain from the bite. It sort of worked as he descended the stairs, spotting Miki's bedroom light still on.

Curiosity got the best of him as he slowly turned her doorknob, peeking into her room. He saw Miki slumped over her desk, clearly knocked out and drooling on a massive, old, odd looking book. He shook his head as he opened the door, letting himself in. He hovered over Miki for a brief moment, seeing strange symbols all over the pages. He glanced from the book back to Miki, arching an eyebrow. *Why is she reading a book on witchcraft?*

Deciding that it was none of his business, he gingerly picked Miki up from her computer chair and carried her back to her bed. Last thing he wanted was for her to have terrible back or neck pains right before this important relay. He placed her down, pulling her covers over

her. Once he was satisfied that she was at maximum comfort he went back to her door, turning off the lights and closing her door.

The rest of his night was uneventful. He went downstairs, got a water bottle, and chugged it as he went back up to his room. The water felt like a cold wave of relief as he threw himself back on his bed, burying his head under his pillows. He peeked at his phone one last time, wishing he could text Rya right now-

Akira face –palmed himself in the forehead with his phone. *Dumbass! You can write dumb love poems to her but you didn't think to get her phone number?!*

He threw his phone off to the side, pouting a bit before resiting himself to his nightmare-filled fate.

His next goal: Getting Rya's Phone Number.

One Step Closer

Chapter Notes

A friend of mine recently "strong armed" me into writing another chapter of this.

Or she was coming for my left knee cap! XD

Hope everyone enjoys!

The last several days were a torrential nightmare for the Devilman.

It seemed for a week straight any attempt to have Rya alone was an impossible task; if it wasn't the many practices taking time away from his classes, it was the sleepless, hungry and miserably horny nights that kept his chest heavy with bristling agitation.

He seldom caught her in passing, and each time he had her at the tips of his fingers, someone or something happened to get in his way. His mood souring each time he failed to catch her attention, a few lockers (and unfortunate students) the subjects to his wrath.

Monday's morning light broke through the hazy dawn, giving Akira the adrenaline and prowess of a desperate animal stalking its prey. Hastily dressing himself and gathering his things for school, he threw Miki onto the back of his bike, peeling out of the Makimura driveway.

Fire and brimstone was not going to stop him from finally cornering the tantalizing Rya-

"*Oi, Rya!*"

The blond responded with a small curious hum as she straightened herself up. A loud pop and hiss shortly followed as she turned towards the voice that called for her.

Closing the distance quickly, Akira barely managed to stop himself before Rya, a massive burst of wind left in his wake. Rya took a curious glance around Akira's wide build, seeing several students in various states of disarray littered throughout the hallway. Amongst the carnage, Miki was making a breathless dash towards the two, many apologies and bows given to each fallen student.

An amused smirk pulled at her plump pink lip-glossed lips. "What's got *you* in such a rush, Akira~?" she looked up at the caramel tower in front of her, taking an idle sip from her morning juice. She gave her short, half shaved hair a small flick- sending a fresh floral reminder to Akira what happens when he stands too close.

Trying to ignore the growing pressure in his pants and the drool flooding his mouth, Akira flicked his tongue on the back of his suddenly sharp teeth. “Phone- number-,” he managed to mutter just above a whisper. “*Please.*” A soft growl swirled itself with each breath as her intoxicating scent began overwhelming his senses. He discreetly held in a lungful of air, barely able to chain back the monstrous need to shove Rya back and have his way with her up against the vending machines.

Rya’s eyes scanned over Akira’s body shamelessly, an eyebrow raising itself as she took another long sip of her drink. She observed every muscle tensing under his almost-too-small-for-him school uniform; the small rumbles in his chest not going without notice. This amused the pale blond greatly. “Sure~,” she answered, lowering the can away from her lips.
“Ready?”

The dauntingly tall man nodded. With shaking fingers he grabbed his phone from his back pocket, ready to text the number. Once Rya was done sharing her digits, the bell rang loudly overhead, signaling classes were about to begin. “See you in class, Akira.” Rya bemused as she took a tentative step away from him, lightly running her free hand across his chest.
“Also- don’t forget to breathe.”

The trail her fingers made across his chest burned into his skin. Akira barely contained his lascivious growl as he watched Rya walk away, catching up to a nearby Kira. He heard Rya exchange formalities as she took her book bag from Kira’s outstretched hand, following the short ebony haired girl to first period. He exhaled loudly, his arm going out to stop himself from falling over. He leaned on the vending machine, breath hot with desire. His entire body shuddered with unwarranted anticipation as the mark on his shoulder began to burn, his thin-slitted amber eyes locked onto Rya’s disappearing frame.

“What the *heck* is up with you this morning, Akira!?” Miki asked as she finally caught up to Akira. She leaned over, holding herself up by placing her hands on her knees. “First you didn’t sleep last night, then you speed here like a bat out of hell, and then you ignore Miko when she was trying to talk to you, and now you’ve ran over every student in the hallway! Why?”

His fingers gripped onto his cellphone like a life line, his demonic eyes peering down at his wheezing best friend. It took every cell in Akira’s being to latch onto whatever composure he had left. If Miki had been any other human, he would’ve simply swiped his claws against her jugular. “Sorry. Just had to ask Rya… something important.” He knew his answer wasn’t a complete lie, but having to speak through gritted teeth only added to his bubbling annoyance.

A cold realization washed over his veins as he realized he was glaring at Miki with murderous contempt. As soon as Miki regained her composure with a stretch, Akira whipped his head to the side, hiding his eyes in his bangs.

“Was it so important that you forgot to turn off your bike?” She tossed Akira his keys.

He caught them without a thought; somehow, Miki had not notice the demonic glare. She shook her head as she rested her hands on her hips. “Do we need to have a serious sit down and talk this out? You’re starting to worry me.”

"No..." his voice teetered between strained and exasperation. His tongue grinding on his razor blades for teeth in an attempt to restrain the nasty thoughts that wishes to be spoken. "Sorry... I... need to head to class."

Before Miki could grab his arm in an attempt to stop him, Akira was already halfway down the hall. This time he weaved through the student body flawlessly, silent as a ghost. He found himself in his seat behind Rya; leaning as far back as the cheap metal chair would allow him, hoping to the cosmos that it would just be far enough for him to keep himself tamed. Just as the bell rang, Miki came running in a few seconds too late, apologizing profusely for her tardiness.

Akira ignored the daggers being thrown his way from Miki's eyes as he hyper focused on imputing Rya's phone number. Just as he finished the first four numbers- a sudden knot formed in his throat, falling down into the pit of his stomach.

He... already had Rya's number.

That was impossible.

He had only met Rya recently- how was her contact info already saved into his phone?!

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The profound shock of this discovery sent Akira into autopilot mode. He just stared at his screen that had turned off ages ago, going through the motions of existence.

When had he ended up in the lunch room? With food in front of him none the less?

Today's menu was fried rice with mushrooms, a small miso soup and a small side of fruit. It looked somewhat appetizing to the starving devil. Forcing himself to pick at his food, he heard voices, making the fog in his mind dissolve slowly; he began to tune in to a conversation.

He barely recognized Miki's voice. "Today's wakame salad looks so yummy! Wouldn't you agree, Kira?"

The smaller tanned girl gave Miki a relaxed expression, shaking her head. "Sorry, Miki, salads aren't really my forte. I prefer something more robust and...rarer." Kira gave the approaching Rya a once over with her sharp amber eyes. "Though, these days, I think I'm starting to have a change in flavor. Since the last time I had my favorite food... it was spoiled by someone else."

Rya sat down next Akira, placing her bento box down gently. She gave everyone a friendly wave, curiously looking between Kira, Miki and Akira. "I'm so glad I can finally have lunch with you guys again! Did I miss anything?"

As Rya unpacked her meat heavy bento- taking a few careful bites with her reusable chopsticks, Kira's brows furrowed for a fraction of a second before her usual thin smile returned. "Of course not, my dear. I was simply talking about my most recent changes in

dietary preferences. Like how one should not take their newly acquired food lightly. How every meal should be treasured and delicacies enjoyed when they are raw and voluptuous. Isn't that correct, Akira?"

Rya's scent came knocking against Akira's senses, nearly taking him out instantly. He realized his name was spoken- As soon as Akira's gaze fell upon Kira her eyes immediately locked with his. Despite the soft, dispassionate smile that stretched across Kira's face, Akira felt a sudden icy slither down the entire column of his spine.

It somehow warns the devil that Kira is far deadlier than she appears-

Stabbing his chopsticks into a piece of mushroom, he gave a hollow nod to Kira, looking away towards Rya. So many questions raced across his mind, his eyes honing in on Rya's very noticeable cleavage. He slowly started leaning towards Rya, nearly drooling at the thought of one of her breasts in his mouth- a far better choice of food in his opinion.

A small piece of questionable steak was suddenly in his face- pausing all former notions of his attempt to have milk for lunch.

"Wanna bite?" Rya asked innocently, holding the cubed piece of bloody steak between her two chopsticks.

Forgetting words, Akira simply opened his mouth. Rya gleefully placed the deliciously seasoned steak on his tongue. His jaw closed with a brutal snap, easily shredding the meat inside his mouth- it tasted like no other meat he had before. He couldn't for the life of him place what it tasted like- other than possibly closer to lamb? But it... definitely wasn't any animal familiar to him.

With each chew a wave of reprieve prickled through his skin. This had been the first time in a long while that he didn't feel nauseous while eating. His eyes stung softly with the threat of tears, refusing to take his eyes off Rya.

"It's...really good." He muttered once he swallowed.

This made the blond beam with satisfaction. "Excellent! I made it myself! Kira never tries the meat I cook....," she gave Kira a teasing pout. "Want some more?"

He gave a meek nod, gladly taking the cubed meat right off her chopsticks. His heightened sense of taste realized faintly that the chopsticks had been in her mouth.

An indirect kiss.

He only got to enjoy a few of Rya's delicious lunch before the massive metal doors to the cafeteria threw themselves open with a loud bang. The entire lunch room fell into a hushed whisper; everyone's attention turning towards whoever had the brazen balls to cause such a disruptive racket.

It was Ryo Asuka.

He had a pair of sunglasses on, his massive signature coat (despite the warm weather) and a small corner store bag hooked on his elbow. His head scanned over the entire student body, clearly looking for someone.

Students slowly regained their interrupted conversations and whispered rumors; Miki looked up and groaned. "Oh great...Akira, your boyfriend is here."

Akira rolled his eyes at Miki. Rya paused in feeding Akira an amused giggle following shortly; Kira simply leaned forward on one of her arms, a questionable smirk threatening to take over her face as Ryo made a b-line for the small group.

"You haven't answered my texts in *over a week*, Akira. Haven't I told you from now on you were to come over to my house so I can give you proper meals?" the elder blond chastised as he stopped next to Akira, standing at the head of their table. He dropped the plastic bag with an exaggerated sigh, whipping his shades away from his eyes. "There had better be a good explanation."

Akira stared at his best friend, dumbfounded. In the many years he had known Ryo- never in his wildest dreams did he think he'd ever see the prestigious young professor here in a high school cafeteria. Before he could conjure an answer, Ryo had picked up the school food that had been forgotten and tossed it over his shoulder with accuracy into a nearby trashcan. He slid the plastic bag towards Akira, snatching an empty chair to sit in. "Well? I'm waiting."

Ryo crossed his arms, clearly ignoring Miki's death glare as he stared Akira down with his chilling cerulean eyes. A nervous chuckle escaped Akira as his hand found the back of his head, giving his scalp a nervous scratch. "I've... just had a lot on my mind. Sorry to worry you like that, I'll do better from now on."

Pretending that Ryo wasn't hawk eyeing his every move, Akira attentively unpacked his lunch, revealing it to be a protein heavy, expensive cutlet, rice and steamed vegetables. He gleefully began digging into the food, pausing here and there to share a few pieces with Rya in return for her sharing her own food. She only accepted pieces of meat; Akira wolfed down his cutlet, which tasted off and gave him a bit of nausea, but he didn't take too much notice.

It was only when he got to the rice and vegetables did he take abrupt pause after a bite; dread and frustration pricked his nerves as the food turned into a sandpaper texture in his mouth. He tried to work past it, especially with Ryo watching. No matter how hard Akira tried to swallow the mouthful of needles, it was never going to happen. He discretely spat the food into a napkin, bitter tears stinging the corners of his eyes.

"It was delicious, thanks Ryo," Akira hoarsely complimented, quickly closing the Styrofoam container. He briskly went to the trash cans, tossing the food away; he could only hope that Ryo would be satisfied with his meager attempt at eating. He sat back down next to Rya, nervously smiling towards the other blond. "So, how have you been? I'm glad to see that your leg is fully healed up! I was getting worried about that." Silence was Akira's answer. "Uhm... how's the weather then?"

Akira's sheepish attempts to deflect bounced off the steel wall that was Ryo; the elder blonde's fingers weaved into each other as he leaned forward on the table, resting on his

elbows. He blinked slowly, unamused with a resting bored expression.

Ryo saw everything. To say he was unamused was the understatement of the century.

“Akira,” Ryo began bluntly. “This is unacceptable. Only eating the cutlet? Barely half of that, in fact, since you shared it with your friend over there. Do you know how carefully I calculated that meal to give your massive body the proper protein and nutrients needed to sustain your physique?”

Akira’s cheeks flushed madly with red. He heard another giggle from Rya, which only made the heat reach towards his ears. Kira leaned forward to rest her chin on her hand, her eyes soaking up Ryo’s image as if it were candy. “Color me impressed. Miki was right. You really are Akira’s boyfriend~.” She teased, getting a curt ‘told ya’ from Miki.

A dismissive hand wave was all Kira received from the professor. “Call it what you will, I am looking out for my only friend in this cruel world,” Ryo gave Akira a sharp glare, making the demon sink a bit in his chair. “And since I can no longer *trust* him to come to me every evening for a proper diet regimen, I will be bringing his lunches to him here at school.” Ryo leaned back in his chair, almost daring Akira to challenge him with his posture. “Starting tomorrow.”

If only there was a strong gust of wind to carry Akira to a faraway place- It would certainly be better there than his current predicament. “You... you can’t be serious, Ryo! I said I was sorry! There’s no need to go through all this trouble for me.” Akira tried a desperate attempt to plea with Ryo.

It failed.

“Too bad,” Ryo stood up just as the bell rang. “My decision is final, Akira. See you after school.”

Akira deflated in utter defeat. Rya gave Akira a soft pat on the shoulder, snapping his attention immediately back to her. She gave him a reassuring smile, melting his troubles away in an instant. Sheepishly, he waited for Rya to get ready to leave the lunchroom.

Ryo secretly glared at the interaction between Akira and Rya; wasting no time in leaving the cafeteria, clearing through the doors before most of the other students. He stopped in the hallway, pulling out his phone to text Jenny.

He barely tapped the ‘send’ button before he felt a sudden presence behind him. Turning on his heels, he was suddenly faced with the black haired girl from Akira’s lunch table: Kira.

“Can I *help* you?” Ryo asked not-so-politely. “If you’re looking for free lunch from me then you’re sorely mistaken.”

Kira’s slow cold laugh paused all of Ryo’s assumptions. “I’m not here to ask for any handouts, professor,” as if she was lighter than air, Kira stepped around Ryo, walking towards a different hallway.

She paused after a few steps, her back towards Ryo. Clasping her hands confidently behind her back, she glanced teasingly over her shoulder. A thin smile may have adorned her soft lips, but her eyes were calculating, tempting. "I am simply passing by. There's no need to pause on my behalf. For I am certain you have very important things to attend to. I'm sure tonight's dinner with Akira will taste delicious- though fish isn't really my cup of tea."

By the time Ryo realized that there would be no way she would have a clue to what he was planning for dinner, Kira had vanished into the thick sea of students. Nothing in this pathetic world ever unsettles Ryo...yet for some reason, her face was now burned in his mind. Who was she? How does she know such things?

With a suspicious glare casted down the hallway in her last known direction, Ryo huffed, throwing his shades back on.

What a strange woman. He thought as he left the premises.

Coming to lunch with them every day was going to be very interesting indeed.

What time is it?

Chapter Notes

Hello, everyone!

Just to let everyone know, I went back and revamped the very first chapter to this story!

Trust me, it's much better XD

I highly recommend going back and giving it a look!

Thank you for reading!

<3

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Skipping that day's track meeting was an absolute no-brainer for Akira; he went straight towards the front of the school building. He wanted to go so badly, since he knew that Rya would be there in the bleachers watching them... but he feared that if he had one more floral dose of her... he wouldn't be able to reign back the sexual beast that was howling to come out.

Completely unaware of his surrounding, Akira whipped out his cellphone. He unlocked it gingerly, double checking his contact list for Rya's phone number.

The moment her contact picture and name popped up, his blush burned brightly against his cheeks. The picture itself isn't what made him blush, since it was the empty gray human avatar- it was her name.

'My Queen <3'

He dared to click on their last known chat box- the words that greeted him immediately sent every hair on his body standing. His eyes went wide in silent horror as he read the last six received messages.

'I'm getting nauseous. I may need to go to the nurse.'

'Oh no...he's outside!'

'How did he know we were here!?'

Tears stung his eyes, his grip so tight the phone began to creak. The last three making his heart sink into his stomach.

'COME TO MY CLASS PLEASE'

'HELP ME AKIRA'

'HE'S HERE'

Abruptly, Akira rammed himself into another body.

"Shit-," Akira felt his phone escape his hand before nosediving straight onto the awaiting concrete.

Hearing the plexiglass of his screen crack made Akira wince. "Sorry," he mumbled half-heartedly, slowly kneeling down to retrieve what was left of his phone.

The person he ran into was much faster than the demon, already kneeled down and picking up the cracked-beyond-recognition phone. "No, the apologies are all mine," the stranger's voice was low, smooth like velvet. "Sorry about your phone." He held it out towards Akira, his screen still on, showing the conversation.

Akira paused for a moment, hesitating. "It's no problem, I—" the moment his fingers accidentally brushed against the stranger's fingers, his instincts immediately ignited.

Petrified, his wide eyes went from his phone, followed the outstretched arm and up towards the stranger's face. The stranger was no older than nineteen (at least by appearances sake), wearing casual school attire; short, well-kept chocolate hair framed his pale face. Pale fern green eyes met with Akira's gaze; they held Akira captive, almost as if threatening him silently with how cold and calculating they peered at him.

"Are you sure? You seem to be... in such a rush," his tone seemed playful, yet mocking. "Are you heading... for a *girl*, by chance?"

Akira snatched his phone, standing up quickly. He growled despite himself, glaring dangerously down at the stranger. "Mind your own business, asshole." He didn't care if he sounded rude. He stormed past the stranger, who hadn't moved from his kneeling position.

Akira caught the tail end of a soft chuckle from the stranger as he shoved his phone into his back pocket. He went immediately to his bike; revving the engine loudly, he watched the stranger standing up slowly, idly looking over his shoulder before turning around to look at Akira.

Locking eyes once more as Akira sped past him, the stranger gave a friendly wave, smiling. The Devilman didn't bother looking back; a simple middle finger to the air enough to express how he felt about the strange man.

"Tonight's demon hunt is *crucial*, Akira," Ryo was typing furiously on his laptop, his back turned towards rapidly descending sun.

Several cellphone footage and blogs were up on his laptop, reporting on strange creature sightings, home footage of mysterious black goo being found all over the city and time/calendar conspiracies. "You need to eat as much as possible, for I need you at a hundred percent when we go hunting tonight. Whatever's going on in this city... it's *big*."

Akira stared at his busted cellphone in silent concentration. He gave a small nod towards Jenny as she placed another fresh seared steak on the table in front of him. Absentmindedly stabbing the steak knife into the hot meat, he chomped down, taking the biggest bite he was physically able to. Eating big bites and swallowing as fast as he could helped prevent him from having cotton mouth each time he ate something. Running into that weird guy left a sour taste in his mouth; it made him want to go berserk every time he thought of those calculating green eyes.

Earlier, his instincts made him suddenly irritable... but more in a way of white hot rage. Not only that, but why did that guy look hauntingly familiar? He was half paying attention to Ryo as the elder blond threw all of his findings up onto the massive television, continuing to explain the sightings of a possible new species of demons.

“Hey, Ryo,” Akira’s tone was distant, laced in curiosity; the subject of time conspiracies hooking his attention back onto the conversation at hand. “Is it possible to already have someone’s contact information in your phone, but you didn’t know them until just a few weeks ago?”

Ryo paused in his typing, looking at Akira with a raised eyebrow. “That’s oddly specific. And I believe so. Have you not been paying attention?” Ryo sounded irked.

“No, Sorry,” Akira admitted, defeated. “I just can’t shake this weird discovery. I had asked Rya for her phone number earlier this morning- but the thing is- I already have it! It’s definitely her number... and the messages... our last messages... they sounded like she was sick or something... like something horrible happened to her.”

An unamused blink was all Akira received from his best friend. “Seriously? Why is this about a girl in school? Was it that blond one you were sitting next to at lunch?”

“Why does it matter who it is, Ryo? I’m being serious here! Something weird is going on... especially after I ran into that guy earlier.” Akira trailed off, turning his head towards the overcast of dusk that had settled.

“What guy?” Ryo asked.

“I have no idea... but he felt familiar... and dangerous.” Akira ripped another bite off his steak, grinding the meat in frustration before swallowing. “All I wanted to do was rip him in half.”

Ryo frowned. “Are your instincts kicking in again? Do I need to run some tests on you? Or do I need to fund another desire run?”

Akira sat back in Ryo’s couch, annoyed and defeated. “No, it’s not that, I- forget it, Ryo. Guess I’ll figure that out on my own.”

A minute of silence fell between the two boys. Akira was trying desperately to grasp at straws inside his mind; maybe something- anything- could help him figure out the meaning to those encrypted messages in Rya’s chat. The more he pondered, the worse his frustration stirred.

A soft sigh from Ryo interrupted the demon's train of thoughts. "If you have messages from Rya in your phone, then do you have pictures as well? Apparently a massive surge in time is happening around the world. It seems that somehow, this planet is experiencing massive mandala effects. Years are going missing, yet the planet and our technology can confirm that despite our currently perceived time, reality is still moving forward. The Earth is still moving forward around its star, several decades ahead, yet it is still Twenty Eighteen to the human race perceivably. Does this help answer your questions?"

Dial Up. It took a long time for Akira to reboot and articulate words again. "You... lost me."

If Ryo rolled his eyes any harder, they'd see into the back of his skull. "What I'm saying, Akira, is that somehow- according to all these astrological reports, blogs and conspiracy theorists- it's actually the year twenty twenty-four."

More dial up followed Ryo's answer.

"You... must be joking."

"Nope," Ryo leaned back in his seat, staring Akira down. "I'm dead serious, Akira. It's actually the year 2024. Look at the screen, there are hundreds of reports and studies to prove this theory correct. We perceive time is telling us it's currently the year twenty eighteen. **It's not**. It's twenty twenty-four. I'm now twenty four and you're a twenty two year old high school student. Are you following me here?"

Most of this was going way over Akira's head; in the hopes of satisfying his slowly descending-into-madness friend, he gave a sheepish thumb up. "Yep. Time shenanigans, I'm way above the legal age to drink, should not be in high school anymore and somehow this connects to having Rya's phone number. Got it."

Before Ryo could explain any further, something smacked into the glass door that lead to Ryo's condo pool. The two of them were immediately on their feet, treading lightly towards the smeared door. As soon as Ryo flipped on the patio light, a mass of iridescent black flesh began to take shape in front of the door, gurgling strange sounds at the two boys.

"What... the hell... is that?" Akira asked while making a face; the creature shakily brought itself onto two legs. Upon closer inspection, the creature was not made of tar; in fact, not only did it once look like a praying mantis, but the reason for the tar-like texture was due to it teetering on the borderline of zombification. The mantis was in such a horrendous state of decay that ribbons of muscles and flesh were barely clinging to its exposed bones.

Ryo scoffed, clearly disgusted by the audacity of this creature's existence. "One of the "tar" demons I was talking about," he shot Akira a sideways glare. "If you had been paying attention to me, you'd know."

The glare being burned into the side of Akira's skull was enough to make the Devilman want to melt down a drain. He gave a small nervous laugh as the creature outside screeched towards the star littered sky, raising its pincers towards the moon. "**SiNg FoR uS, oUr QuEeN~! We HaVe WaItEd FoR yOuR sIrEn'S sOnG fOr MaNy A nIgHt!**"

Every muscle in Akira's body tightened. It was talking about some kind of queen...what could it mean? Deciding not to wait and find out, Akira threw open the door. "Oi, fuck face."

The mantis clicked in shock, snapping its head with a bone crunching crack to look at Akira; once it's milky eyes gazed upon Akira the creature suddenly began to quiver, screeching to high hell as it backed away from the bewildered devilman. "**No! No! NoOoO! NoT yOu! I wIsH tO bE rEcIeVeD bY mY qUeEn! SaLvAtIoN iS oNIY bY hEr CLAwS aNd TeEtH! I mUsT bEcOmE oNe WiTh HeR tO llvE oN iN eTeRnItY!!!"**

Stunned into being dumbfounded, Akira could no longer make sense of this creature. Behind him, Ryo walked up to stand by Akira's side, locked and loaded with a pistol and camera. "Who is this queen of yours, demon? Tell us more about your kind!" he demanded.

The demon backed into the side railing of Ryo's balcony, its sunken eyes never moving from Akira. "**I wOnT bE eAtEn By YoU; I mUsT bE dEvOuReD iNtO eTeRnItYYYY-**"

Desperate to escape, the decaying demon spread its crooked wings, turning around and flinging itself off the railing. Akira quick-stepped to the railing, leaning over to watch the demons fate; Ryo, of course, behind him. The corpse plunged heavily down the condo complex building, giddy like a mad man until it met its abrupt end as a splat on the pavement.

"What did it mean... "not me"?" Akira slowly turned towards Ryo, his face twisted in confusion.

Quickly moving the camera towards the sky, Ryo gave a half shrug. "No idea. But a dead demon's ramblings may be the least of our problems."

Ryo motioned for Akira to follow his gaze; slowly turning around, Akira watched as an entire fleet of demons of all shapes and sizes swarming the area. The ones with the gift of flight were gliding through the air, flying in formations only flocks of birds could pull off. Any other demon took to the rooftops, leaping and scaling the many buildings. Sprinkled amongst the demons were several of the decayed, twitching corpses. Like a hive-mind, the bubbling corpses spouted the same nonsense the mantis had, nearly verbatim.

Every single demon appeared to be heading towards the tallest building.

Had Akira been a mortal, he would've missed something in the far distance. Luckily, however, he was able to realize that amongst the symphony of screeches and hissing, was a hauntingly sorrowful melody. Each note held emotion as the voice carried itself along the currents of the wind, the wordless song tantalizing every demon that listened.

It... tantalized Akira.

The next thing he knew, he was already perched on the ledge of Ryo's balcony, his wings unfolding from his back. The song gave Akira a strange sense of calm, filling his chest with a thousand butterflies. A wicked grin stretched across his face, revealing his massive sharp demon teeth.

He almost didn't hear Ryo next to him. "Hey, Akira, did you always have that strange white pattern along the membrane of your wings?"

A soft growl was all Ryo received as a response. Standing up fully; Akira easily balanced himself on the thin round railing. He flexed his massive wings- *were they always this big?*- as a stray wisp of air carried the song into Akira's ears.

"Ryo..." Akira growled before peering down at his smaller best friend, the grin turning more sinister as he licked his lips. "Tonight's demon hunting... has officially **begun**."

The professor had no idea what that was supposed to mean. He frowned; he didn't like the predatory look in Akira's eye. "Akira, wait-!"

His voice fell on deaf ears as Akira spread out his arms, twisting on his heel so his back was to the city. Closing his demonic amber eyes, the demon allowed the adrenaline to take over as he began to teasingly lean backwards.

With a leap of faith, the Devilman fell backwards towards the street below.

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